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SCOTT SNYDER RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

AMERICAN VAMPIRE



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suggested for
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Scott Snyder

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WE'RE
HERE, SON.

BACKS AND SHOULDERS
STRAIGHT. LOOK ABLE.
THESE ARE FARMERS,
MIND YOU.

HERE WE
GO AGAIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF LAS VEGAS,
AFTER STOPS ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY,
THE ORPHAN TRAIN OF ST. LUKE
SANCTUARY FOR BOYS IN NEW YORK
CITY HAS THREE ABLE-BODIED
YOUNG MEN LEFT FOR
ADOPTION.

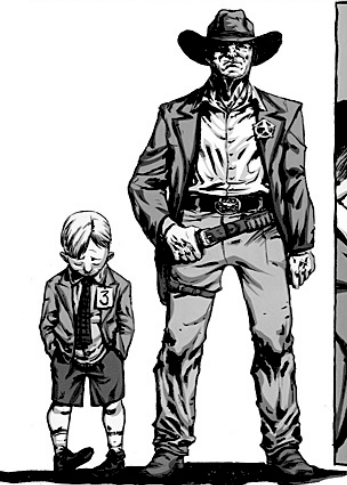
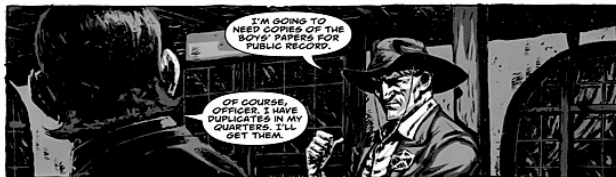
THREE
OUT OF AN
ORIGINAL
FIFTEEN.

I'LL TAKE
THE TALL ONE.
NUMBER 10.

WE'LL HAVE
7, WITH THE
DARK HAIR.

WHAT ABOUT
THIS YOUNG MAN,
HERE, GOOD PEOPLE?
HE MAY BE SMALL, BUT
HE'S STURDY AND
QUICK AS A WHIP.

ANYONE?





HERE YOU GO,
OFFICER. ANYTHING
ELSE I CAN HELP
YOU WITH?



I DIDN'T
THINK SO,
BUT PERHAPS
THERE IS.

SEE, FATHER,
THIS TOWN—IT'S
NOT MUCH NOW, BUT
IT'S GROWING. I'M
GOING TO NEED A
GOOD DEPUTY PRETTY
SOON. WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, SON?

CASHEL,
SIR.

SO
LET ME
ASK YOU,
CASHEL...



YOU LIKE
THIS PLACE? YOU FEEL
LIKE STICKING AROUND
A WHILE?



YES,
SIR!



THEN WHAT
DO YOU SAY?
LET'S GET YOU
DEPUTIZED.

Las Vegas, Nevada.



I STILL
CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT.

ALL
THOSE
YEARS... I
NEVER SAW
HIM KILL
ANYONE.



GÆLIC-
PRIME REQUIRES
VERY LITTLE
NOURISHMENT.
IF YOU KEPT ANY
ANIMALS, ANY
LIVESTOCK,
HE COULD'VE
EASILY FED UN-
DETECTED

YOUR FATHER IS
PART OF AN ANCIENT
SPECIES, CHIEF MCCOGAN.
STRIGUS GÆLIC-PRIME.
WE THOUGHT IT EXTINCT.
ACTUALLY, WIPED OUT BY
COMMON VAMPIRES IN
THE 1700'S.

BUT THE
SUNLIGHT.



CERTAIN OLDER
SPECIES LIKE HIS, THE
SUN CAUSES THEM
PAIN, IT PROHIBITS
THEM FROM CHANGING
FORM, BUT THEIR
SKIN, IT'S TOUGHER
THAN CARPATHIA.

AND IF HE
TOOK ANYTHING,
ANY KIND OF ZING
TINGURE...



HIS INSULIN
INJECTIONS...



PLENTY OF
VAMPIRES HIDE IN PLAIN
SIGHT, CHIEF MCCOGAN.
ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT
TO LOOK FOR,
THOUGH...

HOW
MANY BRASS,
FELICIA?

THIRTY PLUS.
MAKING A FEW
MORE.



JESUS, I
SEE WHY YOU
GUYS WANTED
TO STOP BACK
AT THE HOTEL.
WHAT IS THAT, A
MINI FOUNDRY
PRESS?

AS A MATTER
OF FACT, YES.
METAL GOES IN,
BULLETS COME
OUT.





YES, SON. IT IS. BY NATURE I AM A MONSTER. I'VE BEEN ONE FOR NEARLY 700 YEARS, SINCE BEFORE YOU, BEFORE THIS CITY, THIS COUNTRY...

BUT A KILLER... NO. I WAS NEVER A KILLER.

NOT UNTIL NOW. UNTIL THEY CAME TO OUR TOWN, WITH THEIR MONEY AND THEIR VILENESS.



AND TAKING ME IN. WAS IT JUST PART OF YOUR DISGUISE?

ALL FATHERS HAVE SECRET LIVES OUTSIDE THEIR SONS, CASHIEL. BEFORE SHE DIED, ADEMAT MADE ME PROMISE... PROMISE TO LIVE AS WE HAD BEFORE. TRYING TO BRING GOODNESS INTO THE WORLD, HERE IN A PLACE THEY'D LIKELY NEVER FOLLOW.

SO NO, SON. GUS MCCOOGAN WAS NEVER A DISGUISE. HE WAS AS REAL AS YOU ARE. NEVER THINK ANY DIFFERENT. GUS TOOK YOU IN, BECAUSE THAT'S WHO HE WAS.

HELL, I KEPT GUS ALIVE MUCH LONGER THAN I SHOULD HAVE. YEARS MORE THAN WAS WISE, JUST TO GET TO WATCH YOU. TO SEE THE MAN YOU'VE BECOME.

HOW TOUCHING...



AND IT'LL BE
EVEN MORE TOUCHING
WHEN WE BURY YOU ALL
TOGETHER, IN THIS TOMB.
YOU, YOUR BITCH,
AND YOUR HUMAN
BASTARD.

YOU'VE
CAUSED YOUR
LITTLE DISRUPTION.
NOW IT'S TIME
TO DIE.



SEE, BUT I THINK
IT'S YOU WHO
IS ABOUT TO
DIE...



...OLD
ENEMY.



WE WIPED OUT YOUR WHOLE PITIFUL BLOOD-
LINE WITH LITTLE TROUBLE. WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK THIS FIGHT WILL GO DIFFERENT?

WE'RE
STRONGER
THAN YOU,
FASTER THAN
YOU. YOU'RE
A RELIC OF
A BYGONE
ERA.

NOW, NOW,
VLAD...





THAT'S
MY LINE.

SKINNER!

HOWDY,
PARTNER.



THE
AMERICAN...



IN THE FLESH. SEE, GUSSIE AND ME, WE
HAVE OUR DIFFERENCES, SURE, BUT IN
THE END WE BOTH WANT THE SAME
THING. YOU. IN PAIN.

YOUR HUMAN
PARTNERS WERE THE
BAIT. A LURE TO GET YOU
INTO OUR TRAP. AND
HERE YOU ARE...



YOU'LL
NEVER PREVAIL,
YOU Balbh
Scanfer!



Cuimilt
Cú Air
Ceitib!

WHOA!
THERE! ENGLISH,
PEOPLE,
ENGLISH...











CASH!

I'M OKAY,
DAD.



WELL, THAT
WAS FUN.

NOW, FOR
GOODBYES...



SO LONG,
PARTNER. BRASS
FOR YOU...

NO!



AND FOR
YOU, JUNIOR,
WELL... ANY
OLD THING'LL
DO, WON'T
IT?

YOU
SCUM!
I'LL KILL
YOU...



AW, DON'T BE LIKE THAT.
DEEP DOWN, YOUR DADDY
HAD TO EXPECT THAT WAS
COMING SOON... EVERYONE
WHO MEETS ME KNOWS I
AM JUST PLAIN PITIFUL
AT KEEPING DEALS.

KIK
AND I ALWAYS,
ALWAYS GOT TO
BE THE LAST MAN
STANDING.



YOU'RE NOT
A MAN, SWEET.
MY FATHER WAS A
MAN BEFORE YOU
DESTROYED
HIM...



...THIS IS
FOR HIM.

KIK



EASY...
EASY.



WHAT DID
YOU HIT HIM
WITH?

GOLD, MY
LOCKET. I ONLY
HAVE ONE MORE
BULLET...

COME
ON, HE'S
FAST--



"...BUT I GOT HIM
GOOD IN THE GUT.

THAT BULLET
ISN'T COMING OUT
ON ITS OWN. HE'LL NEED
SOMEONE TO TAKE IT
OUT OF HIM IF HE
DOESN'T WANT TO DIE
OF INFECTION...



SWEET!
COME OUT AND
FIGHT, YOU
BASTARD!



COME
ON IN!



OH MY
GOD...



HEY, JUNIOR.
WELCOME TO THE
POKER TABLE...
CARE TO PLACE
A BET?

WILLIAMS

2000

WILLIAMS

2000

WILLIAMS

2000

WILLIAMS

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WILLIAMS

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WILLIAMS

2000





NOW LET THEM GO, SWEET.

SEE, NOW I CAN THINK CLEARLY!

OF I COURSE I DON'T WANT A BABY! I DON'T NEED ONE.



AFTER ALL, GUYS LIKE ME, I THINK WE'VE PRETTY MUCH PROVEN THESE LAST FEW YEARS THAT GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WILDNESS-- WELL, IT'S JUST TOO FUN-- AND PROFITABLE--TO LET GO OUT OF STYLE.

AND SO KNOWING I PLAYED A LITTLE PART IN MAKING THIS TOWN WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT'LL ALWAYS BE... WELL, THAT'S FATHERHOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.



THEN AGAIN, WHY NOT?

OW!



BLAM



WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, WHICH IS WHY WE SWITCHED GUNS.

CRASH



CASH, HE'S GETTING AWAY.

GO AFTER HIM.

LILLY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NO...

"...SOMETHING'S
WRONG!"

COME ON...
COME ON...

ALL
ABOARD!

LAST CALL FOR
THE TRAIN TO LOS
ANGELES...

WHERE
ARE YOU?

THE
BULLET...

WHEN I WAS
A BOY, I'D HAVE
NIGHTMARES ABOUT
MONSTERS HIDING IN
THE SHADOWS OF
MY ROOM...

I USED TO WAKE
UP SCREAMING
AND STILL SEE
THEM EVERYWHERE,
IN EVERY DARK
CORNER.

...DAWN.

AND I WOULDN'T GO BACK TO SLEEP UNTIL MY FATHER LIT THE LAMPS AND PROVED THE NOOKS AND CLOSETS WERE ALL CLEAR.



"SEE SON," HE'D SAY, "NEITHER CREEPIES NOR CRAWLIES."

HER
STOMACH,
OH GOD...

I'M A MAN NOW, THOUGH... I
RECENTLY LAID MY FATHER TO REST.



LILLY...

AND I UNDERSTAND THAT HE
WAS LYING TO ME BACK THEN.



BECAUSE THERE ARE MONSTERS
OUT THERE. SOME HIDE IN THE
CORNERS OF YOUR ROOM.
OTHERS IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. HE
KNEW IT AS WELL AS ANYBODY.

Silverton, Colorado.

BUT MY FATHER, RIGHT AFTER HE'D TELL ME THAT LIE ABOUT MONSTERS, HE ALWAYS SAID SOMETHING ELSE, TOO.

HE'D BEND DOWN, AND KISS ME ON THE FOREHEAD, AND HE'D SAY, "YOU'RE GOING TO BE JUST FINE."



AMERICAN VAMPIRE

DEVIL IN THE SAND CONCLUSION

WRITER: SCOTT SNYDER



ARTISTS: RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE, & MATEUS SANTOLOUÇO (PAGES 1-3)

AND THAT PART, SEE...



I KNOW IT BECAUSE I'M A FATHER MYSELF--YOUR FATHER--AND I BELIEVE IT, TOO. I BELIEVE IT ABOUT YOU, SON.



COLORS: DAVE MCCAIG
LETTERS: STEVE WANDS



THAT PART I KNOW HE BELIEVED.

I WILL TRAVEL THIS WHOLE COUNTRY UNTIL I FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT SO.



COVER: RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE
EDITOR: MARK DOYLE

AMERICAN VAMPIRE
CREATED BY SCOTT SNYDER

Next:
Booze, Bullets,
& Bloodlines!

SNYDER/ALBUQUERQUE



When Karen Berger gave me my first big break as an artist on an issue of

Hellblazer in 1988, my main concern was to do a good enough job to get to do another one.

I never imagined it would be the start of what has already been a 22-year-long association with DC Comics and Vertigo.

It is hard to believe I have spent nearly a decade of that drawing *Fables*!

For me *Fables* still feels as fresh and exciting as it did the day I started. Bill Willingham has created such a richly populated universe, with a huge cast of people, monsters and talking animals, spread out across so many diverse worlds, that every time we start a new arc it's like starting work on a brand new comic. Add to that the constant support and encouragement from editorial wizard Shelly Bond and the amazing team of Leialoha, Loughridge, Klein, Ruas, Rufino, Pepoy, Green and all who contribute to the series. I always feel incredibly fortunate to work with such a tight knit and talented bunch.

Over the recent years Shelly and Bill have created opportunities for me to try my hand at a number of other skills outside of my regular pencilling duties. I've designed sculptures, painted covers, and contributed to story plotting.

The one remaining thing I really wanted to do was write.

Bill and I have been talking about swapping jobs for a while now. When Bill wrote a series of three-page short stories as backups during the "Sons of Empire" arc, I asked if maybe I could one day write one of those for Bill to draw.

When plans began to formulate for *Fables* #100, Shelly brought up the subject again as a possible extra for the book. She also had an elegant solution, inspired by *Peter and Max*, for concerns about squeezing artwork into Bill's busy schedule. I would write a prose story and Bill would provide illustrations, leaving him free enough to draw as many or as few as time allowed. Perfect!

Just one problem: I hadn't written prose professionally before.

I approached the writing of my story for *Fables* #100 with considerable trepidation. I had, more by accident than design, written a strip for *House of Mystery* a year earlier, to which Bill had added the finishing touches, but this would be my first time writing solo.

I eventually found the subject for the story, a tale of Pinocchio and Geppetto, amongst a collection of plot ideas for the regular series I had sent to Bill and Shelly a year earlier.

It had an ending that had always existed crystal clear in my mind. So I unashamedly stole it back and with it found the confidence I needed to write.

In addition to the prose story you'll find examples of some of the other skills I've recently been developing in the pages of *Fables* #100. The board game sees me painting again. The Paper Theatre sees me flexing my designer muscles once more, and the main story has the addition of grey tone washes throughout to give the whole book a richer, painterly feel. And I'm not alone. Everyone in the *Fables* team has pulled out all the stops to make this issue special: Joao Ruas, drawing his first strip, along with amazing guests such as Chrissie Zullo, Dave Johnson, Adam Hughes, Kate McElroy (making her comics debut) and JH Williams III all bring something magical to this 100-page special. Which is, ultimately, a huge thank-you to our loyal readers.

So there you have it. A milestone event for *Fables*...

...and my first big writing break. I hope it's good enough that I get to do another one!

-Mark Buckingham



HOT LIST



PETER AND MAX - SC

The critically acclaimed *FABLES* prose novel from creator Bill Willingham is now in trade paperback! Featuring lush ink drawings by *FABLES* artist Steve Leialoha and a bonus sequential short story.

12.10

HIT LIST

AMERICAN VAMPIRE #9 • AMERICAN VAMPIRE #10 • DMZ #60
HELLBLAZER #274 • HOUSE OF MYSTERY #32
ZOMBIE #8 • JOHN CONSTANTINE: HELLBLAZER-CITY OF DEMONS #3
NORTHLANDERS #55 • SCALPED #44 • SWEET TOOTH #16
SWEET TOOTH VOL. 2: IN CAPTIVITY THE UNWRITTEN #20
VERTIGO RESURRECTED: HELLBLAZER • VERTIGO RESURRECTED: WINTER'S EDGE

GRAPHIC COLLECTIONS

FABLES VOL. 14: WITCHES

While the meek flying monkey Buffkin is trapped in Fabletown's collapsed business office with the evil witch Baba Yaga, Frau Totenkinder and the witches of the Woodland's thirteenth floor prepare to deal with Mister Dark in what's left of Fabletown. Collecting *FABLES* #86-93!



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In Loving



"20

minutemen



scans 'n edits



2 of 6 was adopted 7/3
disease, coccidia & ad
couldnt take it anymore
little lady, the war is over

Memory



of 6"

1/10. We fought an exhaustive battle with liver
renal gland disease. On 12/03/10 her little body
& she passed quietly in her sleep. Be at peace
er. Long live the dead...